The News and Herald.

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FRIENDS.

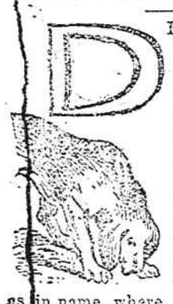
Not he that counts my errors,
Not he that holds me back
With doubting words to show me
Wherein and how I lack;
Nor he that sees my failings;
And, seeing them, is free
To take my measure by them—
He's not the friend for me.

But he that learns my virtues,
Who takes me at my best;
Who notes my greatest failings
And overlooks the rest;
Who, after I have striven
And have not failed, is free
With words of commendation—
He is the friend for me.

He that forever warns me
Of dangers in my way,
Who doubts my strength to meet them
And ever bids me stay,
May truly seek to shield me,
May wish me well, but he
Whose faith is inspiration—
He is the friend for me.

—Chicago News.

A HAPPY HOLLOW HUNT.



DEAR old "Happy Hollow" was our home — an ideal little poet's valley, nestling in the mountains of East Tennessee, and surrounded by splendid mountain ranges. The name was most appropriately given to that hollow, which was happy in fact as in name, where, in company with my boyhood's boon companion, Plato — a great ugly brindle cur dog, as true and faithful as dumb brute ever was — I have had many an exciting boyish romp and ramble in the days long gone.

One morning in the early fall of 1851, while Plato and I were out for a rabbit hunt in the upper end of the Hollow, I had an experience which I am in no danger of forgetting until life itself is forgotten. It was my fourteenth birthday, and my father had presented me that morning with a long-coveted treasure in the form of a shotgun. It was a single-barrel, muzzle-loader concern, and would doubtless be considered quite antiquated by boy friends of this advanced age of the breechloader and the hammerless. At all events, it was entirely up to date then, and I am able to recall few prouder, happier moments of my life than when that gun—I have it yet—first came into my possession. On the morning in question I had it on my shoulder, feeling like a veritable Napoleon Bonaparte going forth to conquer the world.

The rabbits must have heard the news, however, for, hunt as he would, old Plato could not start a single one of them. They were ordinarily plentiful enough.

At length, weary with walking, I sat down at the very foot of the mountain, which formed an almost perpendicular wall above my head. Just to the right of me was the dreaded "Danger Line" of the mountain range—a rocky, barren, desolate stretch or belt across the mountain, with here and there a cave sunk in or a huge rock jutting out. When all the rest of the mountain sides were clad in the green garments of springtime, or the russet robes of autumn, this stretch of sterile, untimbered land showed, naked and glaring, like an ugly frown on nature's face. It was some unpleasant freak in the construction of the mountains that I never knew the reason for, but I know that "Danger Line" was universally avoided, by white and colored alike—the latter declaring that it was "haunted," and the former that there were rattlesnakes, and even worse things, to be encountered there. My mother had positively forbidden me ever to go into that part of the mountains, and hitherto I had seen it only from a distance, curiously.

I had sat there under the shadow of the mountain in the sweet autumn stillness for perhaps ten minutes, tired, half dreaming, half wishing myself at home, when I was suddenly aroused to life and interest by a furious, excited barking far up the cliff above me, and slightly to my right. At first I doubted my ears. I had never known Plato to cross into "Danger Line" by so much as one step before, and so I was at a loss to account for it. And yet that was Plato's well-known voice I heard; there could be no mistaking it with me. There was something strange, romantic, about it all, and I was burning with desire to see what manner of game he could have treed up there. I remembered my mother's warning—and faltered. It has been my experience that when a boy falters in the face of duty, disobedience has scored a point and trouble is near at hand.

There was my new gun, as yet untried, except at lifeless targets, and, after all, perhaps it was only a squirrel. In short, my thirst for adventure got the better of me, and my determination to follow Plato was fixed. The next thing to be decided was how to get there. I could tell by his bark that Plato was a considerable distance above me, and the height was well-nigh inaccessible. But I was young, strong and active, as mountain boys are apt to be, and I have sometimes thought that if a fourteen-year-old boy determined to climb a sunbeam he could almost accomplish the task. The mountain-side was covered with small undergrowth, and with the aid of this I determined to make the ascent. Holding the gun with one hand, slowly and laboriously I pulled myself up from bush to bush with the other, guiding my course by the ceaseless barking of Plato up above me. At the end of about an hour of such toil I reached the top of the first bluff, where, for a width of something more than a hundred yards was level ground, reaching to the foot of the next bluff, and, with no climbing now to do, it was the work of but a few moments to reach Plato.

Coming up to him I found him stationed at the end of a huge hollow log, and baying with more animation than I had ever known him to do before. I don't know why it was, but as I reached his side something stopped me, as though a strong hand had been laid upon my shoulder, and my mother's warning came into my mind. I turned my face toward home, and for one moment my conscience twitted me and my resolution weakened. But I shook off the spell and stooped to look into the hollow log. It was as dark as night within, and I could distinguish nothing. I then went around to the other end, but found that there was no hollow there. I beat upon the log and listened, but no sound came forth save the echoes. I could think of nothing else to do, so I knelt down, cocked my gun, pointed it into the log, pulled the trigger, and —"bang!" rang out on the mountain air. Instinctively I sprang from the log, and almost simultaneously with the shot came an answer from within, in the most savage, the most blood-curdling, hideous sound, I think, that I have ever heard, and accompanied by a noise of scrambling out of the log, which filled my whole being with fright. I had never known Plato to run from any living thing before, but he preceded me in the flight this time. Long as it takes to tell it, we were scarcely started when out of the log came tumbling a great, furious hungry bear, bearing down upon us like the shadow of an awful death. I can shut my eyes now as I write of it, and feel the shiver of fright run through me, as I felt it at the sight of that bloodthirsty beast, nearly fifty years ago. On we dashed, and nearer Bruin came, the blood streaming from his angry face, where the shot from my gun had taken effect. On, on! and nearer, nearer, and yet nearer the infuriated creature behind us! And then—horrors! The brink of the great bluff was reached! Straight downward, with not a tree, not a friendly bush to aid me—a descent impossible, even with ample leisure and greatest care!

Far down below me smiled the serene beauty of Happy Hollow. There were the cows, the horses, the sheep, browsing quietly, and there was the dear old home with the maple before the door, under whose friendly shade I had probably rested and listened to the music of the mocking-birds for the last time. And then mother's warning came again before me—too late!—distinct and reproachful.

To attempt a descent were certain death, and death equally as certain was just behind me. Reloading my gun was now out of the question, and, had it not been, the shot it carried were too small to do more than further incense the murderous pursuer.

Poor old Plato stood cowering by my side, trembling and whining piteously, and in the bitterness of my despairing heart I accused him of it all—not dreaming of what was to follow.

The supreme moment had come, and I was almost palsied with fright, with not the strength or the resolution to raise my gun to strike a last feeble blow for myself.

Within ten feet of me the bear rose on his hind feet to what appeared to my frightened vision an almost incredible height. He was preparing to spring! I knew the end was come, and I tried to pray. The power of speech, of thought even, had deserted me. As he sprang upon me, I thought to close my eyes, but that privilege, too, was denied me.

Another moment and I would have breathed my last, when, as if by a noble inspiration, all his wonted courage regained, Plato met the spring and planted his teeth in my vicious assailant's throat. The bear clinched with him, and I sought to turn—like a coward—and fly for my life; but I could move at best only a few feet backward, so weak and unstrung was I.

The struggle was fierce for a moment, but I saw that it was all over for my dear old brindle playmate, and I realized that it would be but a question of a few seconds before the monster would turn on me.

There was a crash at my feet, a giving way of the earth! The great rock on which they struggled for life and death had broken loose from its moorings, carrying the ugliest bear and the noblest dog I ever saw, crashing down the awful precipice, to mutilation and death below.

It was the middle of the afternoon when I, a tired, weak, sick and repentant boy, reached home to receive the blessings and forgiveness of my fond and frightened parents.

At the foot of that bald cliff, just where he fell on the lovely autumn day in the long ago, you can find it now—unless impious hands have removed it—a stone slab on which is rudely chiselled this inscription:

Sacred to the memory of
PLATO,
Who gave his life to save
A FRIEND.

Within a few feet of where I am writing now, snoozing snugly in the evening sunbeams, where they play upon the floor through the open window, is a large and beautiful Maltese cat, coiled up, in restful oblivion to all I am writing, on an immense bearskin, the wearer of which once came so near making an end of me.—Rufus McClain Fields, in Country Gentleman.

BURIAL OF KAIULANI.

SEVEN DAYS OF WEIRD MOURNING OVER HAWAII'S PRINCESS.

Old Customs Revived — A Waving of Plumes and Chanting of Lamentations Over the Casket—Midnight Removal of the Body—Hearse Drawn by Natives.

The remains of Princess Kaiulani now rest in the tomb in Hawaii, where lie the bodies of all the Kamehamehas, except the great Kamehameha, who was buried, like Moses, no man knows where. The funeral took place on Sunday and fully 25,000 people attended it. It is Hawaii's superstition that the death of a member of the royal family is accompanied by the severest rainfall of the year. The conditions attending the death and burial of Kaiulani bore out the superstition. The rain began falling in torrents after she died and continued until after she was buried. The hours of the funeral, however, were bright and clear.

All that the military and civic pomp of civilization could add to the strange old Hawaiian funeral customs went to make the ceremony one not easily forgotten. For nearly seven days there was not an instant when some ceremony was not in progress. Soon after her death kahili bearers began waving royal kahilis or feather plumes over her body. Every bearer, whether a man or a woman, wore the yellow feather cape, which was a sign of Hawaiian royalty. The bearers stood rigidly erect and the waving of the plumes was done according to a formula from which it was a point of honor not to vary. At the beginning each bearer held his kahili in the "Carry arms!" position. At a signal the kahilis were extended in a horizontal position till they touched tips with those on the opposite side of the casket. Each bearer then waved his kahili to the right, then to the left, repeating each motion, and then holding the plumes aloft, finally returning to the first position again. During the week several kahili bearers fainted from sheer exhaustion.

The body lay in state at Ainahan until the Friday preceding the funeral and was then removed to the Kawaialias church. The ceremony of removal was weird. It took place in the middle of the night. The sky was heavily overcast and threatened rain. Kahili bearers walked beside the hearse, waving aloft torches made of oily kukui nuts, spitted on bamboo poles. Following the hearse came members of the royal family in carriages, then friends, old servants and retainers. Among the last were many Mele women, who hand down from generation to generation the historical chants reciting the valor, great deeds and history of the Hawaiian people. They wailed and chanted throughout the journey to the church. Others wailed in cadence, while some of the old servants broke out in lamentations and expressions of personal grief. The darkness, the weird light of torches, the absence of the constraining presence of the white man and the white man's customs, revived in many of the old Hawaiians thoughts and feelings of earlier days, and they broke into hula hula songs and dances according to the ancient custom, which has latterly fallen into disuse since the hula has become discredited.

At the church, a short service was held and finished at 2 o'clock in the morning. The church decorations were in sympathy with the customs on such occasions.

Throughout Saturday rain fell in torrents, but the remains were viewed by thousands. After the funeral the quiet of the scene was broken by chants or by wailing and lamentations of old servants of the princess, who recited incidents of her life. Their words were extemporaneous, spoken in a chanting, melodious way, sometimes accompanied by a swaying of the body, which was kept up until the speakers dropped from sheer physical exhaustion.

The services on Sunday were those of the Anglican church. The funeral procession was led by the marshal of the republic, A. H. Brown, his deputies and a company of mounted police. Then followed members of the royal family, civil officials, foreign consuls, representatives of societies and the clergy, including the Catholic bishop. The hearse was drawn by 230 natives, uniformed in white trousers, blue sweaters, white hats and blue and yellow cloth capes. From the church to the tomb is two miles, but the entire distance was lined with spectators. The services at the tomb were very simple. The coffin was placed next to that containing the body of Princess Likelike, Kaiulani's mother, and near that of Kalakaua.

Unuttered Thoughts.

No man or woman who snores will ever believe it.

Many an individual who has saved another's life has not been able to save a cent.

A man who is not in business is always credited with getting into mischief.

A sufficient income is apparently a little more than we ever possess.

You never hear anything about a person's virtues, so long as one vice is apparent.

Some one says that the cause of many unhappy marriages is that men will go on proposing when they expect to be refused.

A woman is never so pleased that it storms as when her new frock has failed to come home, and she couldn't have worn it, anyway.

Listeners never hear any good of themselves, but hear a lot of bad about other persons. Sorrow makes the eyes red, the hair white, and the feelings blue—in fact, it is quite a national affliction.—New York World.

"BY-PRODUCTS."

How Chemists and Other Ingenious Persons Make Use of Waste.

To such an extent has the utilization of by-products been carried in the stockyards of Chicago that now the only waste in a steer is the gastric juice, and what was formerly the waste is now worth more than the meat. The horns go into knife handles or backs for combs. The white hoofs are sent abroad to return as ivory, while the black hoofs become handles for knives and canes and are made into a dozen other things, the soft internal parts being resolved into jellies and candies.

From the bones are produced piano keys, dice and bone-black. Glue, gelatine, neat's-foot oil, and an imitation whalebone are made from the sinews. The clarified blood is taken by the sugar refiners, while the rest of it becomes buttons and fertilizers. The intestines serve as casings for sausage, and the bladders as cases for snuff. The tail tuft is an insignificant part of the animal, but when steamed, dried and washed it becomes a curled hair that sells readily. As a result of this care and economy, the financial returns from a steer, as estimated by one in the business, are: From the meats and compounds of meat, $40; from the hide, hair, horns and hoofs, $25; from the fats, blood, sinews and bones, $15; from all other waste, $15, or $95 received from the by-products.

But not alone in the stockyards are by-products carefully husbanded. Many large industrial corporations employ chemists to search for by-products with a view to increased profits and reduced waste. The production of alcohol from waste molasses is well known, and the recent conversion of pig-iron slag into cement has been noted. To these may be added tiling made from crushed tree bark, acids from plum and peach pits, jellies and an inferior kind of champagne from apple cores, prussiate of potash from castaway shoes, carbonic acid gas generated in the processes of beer making, and window weights from the iron recovered from tin cans.

More notable, perhaps, are some products from corn. Indian maize contains a kernel in which there is a yellow germ. Under chemical treatment this germ yields an oil which, when refined, is a competitor with cotton-seed oil in the substitution for olive oil, and which may be vulcanized and made to do duty as rubber. What are called rubber boots and shoes are being made from this imitation rubber at a cost far below that of the genuine article.—The Manufacturer.

A Poison Bottle Wanted.

The Chemist and Druggist, we learn, has actually offered a five-guinea prize for a good tell-tale poison bottle, and has received many valuable suggestions in reply. One of them is that the neck should be at right angles to the body of the bottle, instead of in a line with it. This idea also reaches us from another quarter. Another, of a more fanciful kind, is that the user should be warned off by a death's head and cross-bones of the poison label. But the main thing is the appeal to other senses than that of sight. The bottle must be able to signal "poison" in the darkness. One ingenious person, as we showed the other day, proposed to appeal to the sense of hearing by means of a sort of musical cork. The senses of taste and smell, of course, are out of the question. The sense of touch remains, and this or nothing can be our safeguard. This sense may be simulated by differences of form in the bottle or by differences of texture. One competitor for the prize suggests strips of sandpaper pasted on the sides. But while he is about it, why not have the roughness in the texture of the bottle itself, and combine the two safeguards in a triangular bottle with "toothed" edges? If anything further is wanted, put the neck at right angles, as aforesaid. Any person who persisted in the abuse of the bottle in spite of these precautions ought to be brought under the habitual inebriates act.—London News.

Health in the Navy.

Good order and discipline, the cleanliness of the ship—nothing, not even the daintiest of summer cottages, is more clean than a well-ordered American warship—were maintained at the camp throughout its entire occupancy by the battalion, and the fact that, although exposed to a malarious climate in the torrid atmosphere of a tropical summer, at a spot located but a few score miles from where our poor fellows of the army were succumbing by hundreds in the fever-laden air, the entire loss of life in the marine battalion was due to the casualties of battle—not one man died of disease—shows what can be done by well-regulated and well-drilled organization in all departments of a military body. There was no lack of medical or other necessities; nothing essential to the efficiency of the force as a fighting body, to its health, to the protection of the men from adverse conditions of life in the field during the rainy season of the tropics, had been neglected or forgotten; and while it is true that the base of supply was close at hand and the problem of transportation inland from the water's edge did not have to be met, it is safe to assume from the admirable order and system displayed, that any such difficulties presented would have been overcome.—Harper's.

His Points Were O. K.

"Every joke should have a point," said the editor, as he handed back some unavailable offerings.

"I think you will find mine all punctuated properly," replied Mr Snickers.—Judge.

Billboard advertisements are posted in some places by machines that reach to the top of a fifty-foot wall without ladder or paste pot.

HOW A MAN KEPT HOUSE

LEARNED THE TRICK DURING A FIVE-YEAR STUNT IN THE ARMY.

He Concealed That Fact From His Wife, However—Once They Lost Their Servant and the Cavalryman Filled the Bill and Made a Clean Breast of It.

The young man had never told his wife that he had done a five-year stunt in the regular army of the United States. Without any particular reason for it some men feel a bit shy mentioning their service in the regulars. Perhaps the fact that, up to about ten years ago, the army was looked upon as the last resource of the ne'er-do-well, may have something to do with it. Anyhow this young war department clerk didn't happen to mention it to the girl when he came to Washington a couple of years ago and courted and married her, relates the Washington Star, that he had spent almost a five-year stretch among the yellow, blasted-looking mountains of Arizona, helping his troop to hunt for the elusive Apache Kid. He told her that he had been jamming around down in the southwest, and he told the truth, for if hunting that red rascal of an Apache wasn't jamming around the southwest then nothing is. She considered it odd that he knew so much about soldiering, that he went around the house on Sunday mornings idly whistling the trumpet calls, and that he knew how to spiel Indian talk that Indians understood. Of course, she never stopped to wonder over his habit of going down stairs sideways. She never thought of him as a soldier, and so she could not know that all men who have been cavalrymen invariably go down stairs sideways for the remainder of their lives. It is a habit born of their service fear of tripping themselves on stairs with their spurs.

They keep house in a pretty little place out in Mount Pleasant. They have had considerable difficulty in keeping a servant, as a good many Mount Pleasant folks do. Their last servant wearied of the "lonesomeness" one evening last week, packed up the things that belonged to her, and probably a few things that did not belong to her, in accordance with the rule in such cases, and departed, announcing that she was not to return. The young wife wept dismally after the servant's departure, and her husband, sympathizing with his wife's red nose, endeavored to assuage her grief.

"Let 'er go," said he. "I'll stay home from the office tomorrow, and you can bundle off bright and early and get another one. Don't rush yourself to death over it, either. I can run this shack for one day, I guess."

"But if I am away after the noon hour what will you do for your lunch, you poor old monkey thing?" she asked him, solicitously affectionate.

"Never you mind me," he said. "I'll get along. You watch me."

So, on the following morning, directly after breakfast, the young wife, with many forebodings as to the rack and ruin she would find, and not a bit of her work done when she returned, set out for the down town district to beg, borrow or steal a house servant.

"It'll be a give away, all right," murmured her husband to himself, but I'll do it all the same."

So he set to work. First, he washed the dishes. Soldiers of the regular army of the United States wash dishes with a practised skill and a thoroughness such as few women, with all due consideration, exhibit. He made a nice job of the dish washing and then took a pair of shears and cut a lot of scalloped borders out of old newspapers for the china closet. Then he put the dishware away all neat and orderly. Then he started in at the kitchen. He polished the stove first, so that the kitchen cat raised her back at her own image in it. Then he got at the pans, pots, skillets and so on, and made them look like new. Then he swept out the kitchen, after which he got down on his marrowbones and gave it the most business-like scrubbing it had ever had—a military scrubbing. Thus the kitchen was all fixed.

Then he went upstairs to their room and made the bed. A man who has made up his bunk in quarters in the United States army for any space of time doesn't need to get any points from the women folk as to how that job should be done. Then he sprinkled tea leaves around and swept the whole upstairs portion of the house, after which he dusted it thoroughly. Then he descended the stairs and began the policing of the dining room, sitting room and parlor. He changed the furniture all about, changed the location of some of the pictures advantageously, gave the piano a better position and cleaned and swabbed the whole outfit until it looked as if half a dozen ordinary servants had been policing it.

Lunch hour had rolled around by this time, and so he went to the kitchen, neatly fried himself some bacon and eggs, and made himself a cup of coffee on the gas stove, after which he cleaned up the dishes he had used and smoked a couple of pipes full of tobacco and reflected. He had expected his wife back by that time, but she didn't come. He began to think of how she'd no doubt be worrying about the the dinner then, and so he decided to get the dinner himself. He put on his coat and went out to the market to buy the dinner. He picked out a fine, thick steak and the necessary vegetables, and rather astonished the marketman with his workmanlike manner of buying. Theretofore he had simply been the bill payer at the market store.

He had a fine dinner agoing by half after 3. He knew that his wife would not be gone later than 4 o'clock, so at a 3.45 he put the steak on to broil. Then he set the table with a whole lot of neatness, not forgetting the bunch of flowers that he had bought at the market for the purpose of adorning the table.

His wife walked in, weary, footsore and ravenous, at two minutes past 4 o'clock. She paused at the threshhold and looked about her. The hall had been policed with great thoroughness and she could not understand. Then she walked into the parlor. Her face assumed a dazed expression.

"Why, Jack," she said, "have you engaged a servant yourself?"

"Nope," he replied. "Just been passing the time myself a bit, that's all."

When she saw the set dining room, the spotless and shining kitchen, with its glistening utensils, the broiling steak, and when she went upstairs and saw the miracle that had been wrought there, too, she simply sat down in a rocking chair and stared at her husband. She was able to speak after a while, and then she inquired:

"But where did you learn to do it all?"

He grinned, and went to a little old trunk of his that was stowed away in the spare room. He dug into this for a while, then he brought out a parchment paper. He took it over to his wife and handed it to her. It was an army discharge. The space after the word "character" was filled in with the word "excellent." There was an indorsement at the bottom of the discharge signed by the colonel of the regiment, saying, "This man is a fine soldier, both in garrison and camp."

"I had to take my turn as cook of my outfit, you know," he said after a while, "and all of us have got to know how to police up and keep things clean."

"But why did you never tell me you were a soldier? Don't you know I perfectly adore and idolize soldiers?" she asked him, and he could only grin and look sheepish.

EGGS FOR THE WHITE HOUSE.

Virginia Hens That Have a Monopoly in Supplying Them.

For eight years Mr. Hamson Borden, a Virginia farmer, has supplied the White House at Washington with eggs, beginning when General Harrison was chief magistrate. Mr. Borden's eggs go exclusively to the president's table. He is depended upon to meet all demands from the White House.

Mr. Borden usually ships two crates a week, each crate containing thirty dozen eggs. Eight crates is the largest number he ever shipped in one week. Each egg is personally inspected by him before being placed in the White House crate, and only the largest and choicest are selected. Every one receives a vinegar bath and a tag bearing the shipper's name. The eggs are kept fresh until shipment by being put in a room of low temperature.

Mr. Borden's farm is situated five miles northwest of Woodstock. A long row of concrete one story houses, close by a little stream that has its source near the mountain a few miles away, attract one's attention. These are the henhouses—a dozen of them—each with a room ten by sixteen feet. Accommodations for one hundred chickens are provided in each room. The ceilings are high for henhouses, and there is an inviting air of cleanliness about them. Each house has a separate yard, though Mr. Borden gives the chickens the run of his farm. He feeds them three times daily, fresh meat and pulverized bone forming an important part of their menu.

"How did I come to go into the chicken business, you ask," said Mr. Borden. "It was about thirteen years ago, when wheat began to recede from the dollar mark. I determined to make my wheat yield a dollar a bushel, and I chose the hen to help me. She has done her part nobly, and my books will show that I get more than a dollar for my wheat year in and year out.

"When I began the egg business, I determined to place my eggs on the president's board. It took me five years to do it. Though presidents change, I hold my contract, and I think that is an evidence that I give satisfaction.

"The number of hens I keep ranges from eight to twelve hundred, and I add three hundred pullets annually. I find the various strains of leghorns, with a sprinkling of 'red-tops,' the best layers. I give little attention to fancy varieties, the old reliable valley chickens serving my purpose better than I anticipated when I went into the business."

A Chain of Endless Prayer.

A new use for the endless chain idea in correspondence has been put in practice by a religious enthusiast which bids fair to encompass the whole civilized world if somebody does not cut the string. The original letter consists of a simple prayer, to which is appended an urgent request to repeat that prayer three times a day for nine days. In reward for this it is promised that the supplicant's most earnest wish will be granted. Then follows instructions to send exact copies of the letter to nine friends. In conclusion it says warningly that to omit sending the nine letters is a great sin, to be followed by unfailing punishment.—New York Press.

Centenarian Duchess.

Jane Dowager Lady Carew of Woodsdown House, County Waterford, Ire., who has just entered upon her one hundred and first year, danced at the Duchess of Richmond's ball at Brussels on the night before Waterloo. She was then Miss Cliffe, the daughter of Major Anthony Cliffe of Ross, and in the following year, 1815, she married the first Lord Carew, whom she has long survived.

CHARACTER OF THE TAGALES.

Not Incapable of Adopting Our Modern Civilization.

A writer in the Neuesten Nachrichten, Munich, describes the Tagales, the dominant race in the Philippines, in the main as follows:

They are not incapable of adopting civilization in the modern sense, but they are a very mixed race. The admixture of Chinese blood has produced very good results. The number of mestizos whose father was white is also very large, and it is these descendants of the Spaniards who fight the battle of freedom. Nor are the Tagales themselves without civilization. They have shown much natural strength, have advanced from their original home in central Luzon to every part of the Philippines and assimilated many Malay tribes. Two enemies they have, which are more dangerous than either the Spaniard or the Americans. They are indolent and their morals are lax. The Spaniards have done much to civilize them, but to this day many return to the life of a hunter after some years' residence in towns and villages. They were, nevertheless, in a pretty advanced state of civilization when the Spaniards came. This is easy to see in the Igorrotos, a kindred race, which remains heathen to this day. The Igorrotos live in fine villages of well-built houses, and their agricultural system is really worthy of admiration. The Tagales themselves are ardent Catholics, but they retain many heathen customs. Their highest aim is to get a son into the church, but they do not observe celibacy very strictly. Many of the mestizos, Chinese as well as white, are wealthy men, and as these lead in the movement for independence, it will be difficult to conquer the islands.

To Harness the Ocean.

It has been matter of observation these many years that the ocean could do any amount of work if only a harness could be devised that it would work in. The tides rise and fall, but it is only in rare cases that tide-water turns a wheel. The waves are never at rest, and motion is force, but the motion of the waves is rarely put to harder work than blowing a horn or ringing a bell on a buoy. At this time, when the state of business favors all sorts of new industrial ventures, it is interesting to notice the appearance of two schemes for making the ocean furnish power for use ashore. One is an invention patented on January 31, which aspires to turn the tides to account as a power for driving water-wheels, running electric motors, and making compressed air. It calls for an inlet or pond which the tide can fill, and in which the water shall be retained by a dam. A big float, with a series of reservoirs on it, supported by a frame work, is part of its apparatus, and the general idea is to fill the floating reservoirs from the pond at low tide, and get power as long as the tide continues to ebb from the waters thus stored. The other scheme for the utilization of wave-motion provides for a collection of buoys anchored off shore, which are to compress air which is to be stored in a reservoir and used to run engines. Some large buoys are making now for use in testing this plan, and it is announced that the device is to have an elaborate trial next summer on the south shore of Long Island. Both of these schemes are said to have enough capital behind them to make a thorough test of their possibilities.—Harper's Weekly.

His Usual Method of Action.

He is an extremely diffident fellow, this south side youth, but is also enamored of a fair maiden. She likes him right back and is not averse to giving him help in emergencies. But she finds it a difficult matter to get her admirer to respond to the calls of society, for he sinks into a condition of too many feet and hands when in the social whirl. But she has her hopes.

Quite long ago, when the chill winds had reduced the previously deposited snow into glaring ice, they set forth to walk to a nearby home to engage in the attractions of progressive euchre and chocolates. He was very tender and solicitous lest she tumble, slip and fall upon the icy sidewalk. Not being endowed with the certainty of footing of the patient burro himself, fate overtook him and he smote the earth with a crash heard blocks away.

Thereupon a look of intense anguish sped over his face, for his spine seemed shortened. The "girdle" was in tears of pity. She clasped her hands and loved him for his woes.

"Oh, Charlie," she murmured brokenly, "does it hurt?"

"No," he gasped with a sickly grin. "Of course not. You see, I always sit down that way."

Now she loves him for his courage and ability to tell a fib to extricate himself from a painful and unpleasant position.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Remarkable Murder in England.

Biddenden, a quiet country village in Kent, was recently the scene of a remarkable murder. The rector's daughter, a middle-aged spinster, had quarrelled with several parishioners and wrote to six of them to meet her at church on a certain Sunday, as she wished to make up. It happened to rain, so that only one of the persons addressed, a Sunday-school teacher, attended church. After the communion, of which both partook, the woman invited him into the vestry and asked the curate to be a witness to the reconciliation. She then drew a revolver and shot the teacher dead. She had several spare cartridges on her person, so that it is inferred that she had intended to shoot all the persons to whom she had written. She was perfectly calm after her act and has kept silent about it.—New York Sun.